Out of my ſight.
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you.
Lod. Truely an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.
Oth. Miſtriſſe.
Def My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her ſir?
Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded here: -- get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon: -- Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: --- hence, auant,
Caſsio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not ſo wel'; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas.

It

It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake,
What I haue ſeene and knowne, you ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes wi'l denote him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him.
Exeunt.

Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue ſeene nothing then.
Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, and you haue ſeene *Caſsio* and ſhe together.
Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and then I heard
Each ſillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.
Oth. What, did they neuer whiſper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her maſk, her gloues, nor nothing?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Em. I durſt my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of her Sex
Is foule as ſlander. *Exit* Emillia.
Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawde,
That cannot ſay as much: this is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous ſecrets,
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha ſeene her do't.
Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.
Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?